



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

EIGHTEEN years old this month! There's an old Jack-in-the-Pulpit for you! It is very strange, and yet I can truly say I never lived at all until the day that our dear magazine, 'ST. NICHOLAS,' was born. That was a good while ago. Many boys and girls who read the very first number now hold upon their knees girls and boys of their own, and, between you and me, I verily believe that every one of them, little and big, takes about equal pleasure and comfort in ST. NICHOLAS.

Look at the dear Little Schoolma'am and good Deacon Green—alive, happy, young as ever, and devoted to you all, as is your Jack himself. Eighteen years old, eighteen years young—it is all the same; this is a great country, and ST. NICHOLAS is its prophet, so far as you, the Deacon, and the Little Schoolma'am and the rest of us are concerned. A long life to it, and to us all!

Now we'll proceed to business, taking up, first, the subject of

THE SILVER DOLLAR.

LATELY the good Deacon gave his picnic class a riddle to guess. As far as I can remember, it ran something like this: Find on our country's silver dollar the following things:

An animal, a place of worship, a scholar being whipped, a fruit, a flower, a part of a needle, and a number of prominent actors.

Well, many of the class found some of these things on the silver dollar, and a few found every one of them. But there were two other things on it that were not seen except by the very closest observers, and these were two little M's. I am told that they are to be found on every standard silver dollar. It appears that the man who engraved the steel die used in making the coin was named Morgan, and he shrewdly put the initial in two places upon it, so that he might thus play hide-and-seek with the boys and girls of his own and later genera-

tions. Of course grown folk did not need any such reminder of Morgan. They know *everything*,—more or less, so to speak.

SPARROWS ON TIME.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Papa told us such a wonderful *true* story last night in our Happy Hour (that's what we call the *very* little time which papa or mamma gives to us children before we go to sleep) that I will write it down for you to tell everybody. It was about a pair of English sparrows living in Sarnia, a town of Ontario, or Canada. Well, they looked at the broad town clock, with its great big face, and they thought it was so nice and clean that they would build their nest right where the two hands parted and made a sort of V. Well, they actually did it. You may think the hands went on moving and so spoiled everything (that is just what my brother Charley told papa); but papa said it was n't so one bit. The clock stopped almost as soon as these two sparrows laid their plans, and when the man who took care of it went up to see what had made it stop, he found that the 'cute little birds had fastened bits of grass and fibers about the two hands so that they could not move! It was the beginning of their nest, you know. I hope the man let them go on and finish it. But papa said he thought not, as town clocks are not intended specially for sparrows. I would have let them, if I had been that man.

Your faithful little friend, BETH G.—.

THE LADY IN THE MOON.

HERE is a letter which I think will interest you, and set your little necks a-craving on bright moonlight nights:

STAMFORD, CONN.

MY DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I wonder if you or any of your young folk have ever seen "The Lady in the Moon"? About a year ago she was shown to me, and since then I have hardly been able to find the "Old Man's Face." It is only her profile you see. The man's left eyebrow is her hair, or the shading back of it; follow the dark outline of the left-hand side of his nose, and you have her features; the dark line of his mouth forms the shadow under her chin. She is really beautiful, but you have to wait until almost full moon to distinguish her. Of course the face is not as plainly seen in the moon as it is made in the drawing. Your loving reader,

L. S. V.—.

You may as well know, my friends, that your Jack *sometimes* has seen the pretty lady to whom

Miss Lydia refers—not always. Like earthly ladies, she often is shy and tries to hide her face. For my part, however, as an honest, country Jack-in-the-Pulpit, I incline to fancy that it is Ina whom L. S. V. sees—Ina in her rare moments of rest; Ina whose pretty story your Jack gave you in May last. She is wife to the Man in the Moon. But judge for yourselves.

A WISE HEN.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Last summer we had a banty hen, and she had some little chickens.

One day papa let her out of her coop to have a run in the yard. While he was watching her, the hen saw a honey-bee in the grass.

She called her little chickens to her, as if she had something for them to eat. When they had all answered the call, the hen ruffled up her feathers and made a great fuss, and backed away as if to say: "If you ever see anything that looks like that, you do as I do,—back off and leave it alone!"

It was so cunning and sensible I thought I would tell the rest of the little folks about it.

I am eight years old, and have had ST. NICHOLAS ever since I was born. KATE T.—

RED CLOVERS AND WHITE.

AT last my children have found out for themselves the differences between red clovers and white clovers! They say that, since their special attention has been called to the pretty blossoms, all the *red* clover-heads they have found are distinguished by two or three little green leaves close at the base of the clover-head (which, you know, is not one blossom, but is composed of a cluster of very small flowers); and that every *white* clover-head springs from the very end of a slender bare stem, which has no leaf for some distance down its length, or until it joins the main stem. The two clover-heads differ also, they say. Nora Maynard writes: "Red clovers are oval-shaped, and white clovers are round"; while most of the answers say in substance: the red clover or clover-head is thicker and more solid, with its tiny flowers crowding closely one above another around a short, stiff, stem-like center; while the white clover-head resembles a loosely-made ball formed by the tiny white blossoms all springing freely from the extreme end of their stem.

All these several differences may not exist between red and white clovers in every locality, but certainly they are found in my meadow, and in the fields and grass plots which my young correspondents have searched. Many tell me that bees seem always to prefer the white clover to the red, that the busy insects can more readily get at the honey of the white clover, and that farmers who raise bees sow the white variety on this account. Some of the young folk speak also of often finding the tiny caddis or case-worm on clover-heads,—funny little fellows who always carry their houses with them, and who take no lodgers in to bear them company. Well, the dear Little Schoolma'am is not by me just at this moment, so I can not say very

learned things on this subject, but I *can* say that I am heartily glad whenever my out-of-door youngsters use their eyes to see with. I'll wager a ripe hazel-nut, now, that thousands upon thousands of young and old folk in these Middle States have all their lives been seeing clover-heads growing—white and red—and never have noticed that the two differ in the least except in the matter of color.

AN EXPLANATION DESIRED.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Walking on a country road last September, I saw a grasshopper clinging to a stalk of golden-rod. He was large, and I touched him gently to make him jump. He did not move. I touched him again, but he was still. Then I broke off the stalk, and he clung to it without a motion. He was dead. So I brought him home and drew his picture.

I was puzzled by his queer position, and could not imagine what killed him. It seemed remarkable that he should have been able to jump up to this high stalk and hang there during his last ill-



ness; and it seemed stranger that he should not have dropped down after the breath left his brown and brittle frame. His four fore legs were clasped around the stem; and of his long jumping-legs, one was drawn up close to the body and the other was stretched out as shown in the picture I send with this. Can it be that he was in favor of the goldenrod as the national flower, and selected this place to draw his last breath as a proof of devotion to his choice?

BENJAMIN WEBSTER.

THE LETTER-BOX.

M. D. F.—Thank you for the well-deserved praise of "Marjorie and her Papa." No one could help loving little Marjorie nor being amused by her quaint, unconscious humor. The pictures were drawn by Mr. R. B. Birch, but in making them, as already has been stated, he carefully followed the author's admirable sketches.

LANSING, MICH.

TO THE EDITOR OF ST. NICHOLAS: Will you permit me to ask your readers, through the Letter-box, if any of them have spare copies of ST. NICHOLAS for November and December, 1875?

I have had ST. NICHOLAS since January, 1876, and wish the volume complete before binding, and so desire these two numbers. I will give fifty cents apiece for them.

Address,

Alice A. Johnson,
523 Seymour St., Lansing, Mich.

CHAMBERSBURG, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have always taken ST. NICHOLAS and all of our large family love to read it. When I had scarlet-fever, mamma read to me the old numbers which my brother, now grown up, used to take.

I want to tell you about our cats. The mothers are named Octavia and Cleopatra. The last has three kittens—Mary Anderson, the beauty, Adelina Patti, because of her lovely voice, and Steve Brodie, the jumper. Octavia has one kitten (the other three were chloroformed by a neighbor) named Ishmael, because he is not so much of a pet as the others. So we call him and his mother Ishmael and Hagar. We are about to move from our present home and expect to have trouble taking all our cats and our big dog.

Your loving reader,

JANET S.—

KIOTO, JAPAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought perhaps you would like to hear an account of a trip which papa, mamma, myself, and one of my friends, took last March to Nagoya and the famous shrines of Isé.

We started for Nagoya on the noon train, and arrived about six o'clock in the evening. The fields all along the way were yellow with brilliant flowers and looked very pretty. The last part of the ride we had a beautiful view of Mount Mitaki, the top of which was covered with snow.

The next day we went to look at the Nagoya castle, which is very interesting. This is the way it is built. On the very outside of the castle grounds are a large stone and earth embankment and a moat, both of which go all around the castle. Inside the embankment is a large tract of land on which are the general's head-quarters and the soldiers' barracks. In the center of this tract of land is the ancient castle. Around the old castle is another embankment and moat. In ancient times the daimio or feudal lord occupied the old castle. The most interesting thing about this castle is a kind of tower, like a building, five stories high, on top of which are two golden dolphins, one at each end of the roof. The fifth story has a hundred mats in it and the first story has a thousand mats in it. Each mat is six by three feet. Each

dolphin measures twelve feet, from its head to the tip of its tail. About fifteen years ago one of the dolphins was sent to the exposition in Vienna. Coming back, the ship that carried it was wrecked. After some time, however, the dolphin was recovered and put in its old place on the castle. We did not go inside the main castle, but looked at it from outside. I believe this castle is one of the two finest in Japan, the other being the Kumamoto castle. It certainly was very fine looking.

From Nagoya we went across Owari Bay to Kamiyashiro by steamboat. From Kamiyashiro we went to see two famous rocks in the sea near the coast. They are very near each other and are called the "Futami" by the Japanese, who regard them as a symbol of marriage. The large rock is called the "husband" and the small one is called the "wife." After seeing them we went to see the shrines of Isé which are at Yamada. There are two shrines and their names are "Naiku" and "Geku." These shrines are said to be very old, but they are really not so very old, because half the buildings are changed every twenty-one years. They get to be quite decayed in that time, so they are pulled down and new ones built in the same places and in exactly the same way. We were most interested in the trees around the shrines. At "Naiku" there is a beautiful grove of grand old trees that is ever so much finer than the shrine. The cherry-trees were in bloom and were very beautiful.

I have taken you for several years and enjoy you ever so much. I am always very glad when you come in the mail.

Your loving reader,

GRACE W. L.—

KOHALA, HAWAII.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl eight years old, who lives in the Sandwich Islands. Back of our house there is a long stretch of kalo patches. The kalo is the principal food of the natives. They bake it in ovens in the ground, then pound it to a paste with water and allow it to sour. It is eaten with salt fish or meat. The kalo tops are planted in dry land first, and then the natives take it up and plant it in kalo patches. A kalo patch is a piece of land walled in, and in the bottom are mud and water. The kalo has one large root, with several little ones around it. The water comes from springs, which flow out of the side of a deep ravine, and is brought down to the kalo patches through a water-course, built by the natives, under direction of the chiefs. They had stone tools, with which they dug through solid rock. In some places they had to build a wall on which to carry the water along. There are many beautiful springs, one of which is very large, and goes far in under the rock. Some of them are filled with beautiful ferns. We have taken you four years, and are very fond of you.

Your little friend,

EDITH H. B.—

KOHALA, HAWAII.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live on the Sandwich Islands. I am ten years old. We have taken you for four years and like you very much. I think that you will be glad to hear about two of our curiosities. Here is one: About four miles northeast of us there is a large hole down by the sea that is called the Devil's Caldron. It is ninety feet deep. One morning some natives woke up to find a large hole there. It is supposed that there

was a cavity under the water and that the heavy earthquake the night before shook the earth down. There are two holes down at the foot of the cliff which let the sea into it, and the waves can be seen dashing in and out.

Here is another curiosity. About seven miles to the northwest of us is an old heathen temple. It was built in the days of the "Chiefs," and is seventy-five feet long and twenty-five feet wide. The walls at the base are fifteen feet broad and ten feet at the top.

Every morning the natives formed a line and passed the stones with which it was built from one to another, from Palolu Gulch to Honotpa, a distance of fourteen miles. There is a hole in one corner where they threw the bones of sacrificed victims. Just outside of it is a large square rock, somewhat hollowed, where they used to slay the victims. It has no roof and it is very hot there. I would like to see my letter printed if you think that it is good enough.

Your faithful reader, ROBERT B.—

CAIRN-IN-THE-CATSKILLS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As my little Cousin Daisy and myself are temporarily banished from home, on account of the illness of my Cousin Isabel, we thought this would be a good time to write to you.

We are at a little place in the Catskills between Cairo and Agra. The scenery here is magnificent, the different shades of green displayed on the mountains and valleys around us would afford endless study for an artist.

Daisy and I made a ring out of a ten-cent piece. We found a nice bright one, and we carried it to the village and had a little hole bored through it, and then we took a little round file and commenced our work. When Daisy's little fingers got tired (which was very soon) I took it and worked away. The ring is very pretty indeed, now that it is finished.

To-day it is raining hard, but as it will make the walking all the better, we must not complain.

Your constant readers, DAISY AND VIC.

U. S. NAVY YARD, NORFOLK, VA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken your delightful magazine ever since I was three or four years old. I am now twelve and I don't think I could get along without you. My favorite stories are "Crowded out o' Crofield," "Juan and Juanita," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and many others. My papa is a naval officer and has been to China and all around the world three times, and I was born in China, but as I was only about six months old when we left, I don't remember anything about it. When mamma left China she had a collection of over five hundred teapots, but now has only about two hundred as she has given so many away. My brother and I have a great many curious things, picked up in different parts of the world. We have some pieces of the leather, bits of which were eaten by Greeley's men, given to us by Chief-Engineer Melville, and we have a collection of over two thousand postage stamps, and many other things. We have two birds, a parrot and a canary; the parrot is my brother's, it says "Papa," "Mamma," "Pretty Poll," "Look out!" and ever so much more. The canary is mine and sings very nicely. Both are *very* tame; the parrot is out most of the time, and I let Dick out in the morning when I am dressing. I used to play "Flower Ladies," only I called it "Flowers," and I used to make houses, and have stones and shells covered with leaves, the beds and chairs, and I sometimes used corn silk for the hair of the "Ladies." I remain, your loving little reader,

N. V. W.—

HOUSTON, TEXAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write you about the Magnolia City and its lovely flowers, which are in bloom yet. It has the one and only magnolia park on the globe. Its trees are strung with festoons of moss almost reaching the ground, and covered with buds and blooms. By it runs the beautiful Buffalo Bayou, where fish are plentiful. Constantly passing are boats laden with cotton and timber, also little yachts and tugs with fishing parties. I have a good time in sunny Texas. You can see them load cotton on the trains by the bale. Boats and barges go down the Bayou to the bay and Galveston Beach. You can hear the bells of the trains and of the little one-mule street-car. I was born in Texas and like my home. I am eleven years old. My favorite story in your magazine is "Crowded out o' Crofield."

Your reader, TOM B.—

ORANGE, N. J.

DEAR OLD ST. NICHOLAS: I wonder if anyone enjoys you as much as I do, and if you have ever traveled about with any one as you have with me?

I am a little English girl, nearly fifteen years old. I live with an uncle and my governess. I have never been to school in my life, and although my home is in Devonshire, England, I am always making journeys. If it did not take up so much space, I would like to tell you about some of the things I have seen in Europe, America, and Asia.

This summer I have been traveling in Europe and have seen the Passion Play at Ober Ammergau, and the Midnight Sun, and many, many interesting things.

My health is very delicate, so I can not study much, but as my governess travels with me, I have a very good time. She is lovely and I am very fond of her. She has taught me for nearly ten years.

I have a beautiful horse at home, called Duke. "Lady Jane," "Sara Crewe," "Lord Fauntleroy," and your many short stories are delightful. The only fault I know is that they are all too short. Believe me,

One of your most loving readers,
ETHEL MAUDE ST. C.—

KIRKLAND, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl seven years old and live in Milwaukee.

I have been to the Atlantic Ocean.

I had a little boat and I used to sail it on the water.

Every day I went in bathing. Most every day I went to the beach to gather shells. One day I found a very smooth stone, which is in my red dress pocket.

Now I have come to grandmother's.

AGNES M. S.—

NEW ZEALAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am ten years old and have taken your magazine for about three years, and have enjoyed it very much. I have seen many amusing things in it, so I thought I would add to them.

I have such a dear, fat, cunning little piebald pony, called "Pie." He has lately taken a great taste for chrysanthemums. We have fence dividing the horse paddock from our garden and, because the gate was broken, we put up a rail about three feet five inches high. Mother had been saving her white chrysanthemums to make a wedding nosegay, but on the day she came to gather them she found them all gone. Next morning Lena (our servant) saw something jump right out of the flowers, and Pie was racing across the lawn and under the rail before one could say "Hullo!" Now, was n't he cunning?

This is the first letter I have written, so I hope you will print it.

ELEANOR S. B.—

SOUTH WEST HARBOR, ME.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am spending the summer at South West Harbor, which is a little village on the island of Mt. Desert. It is a beautiful place, and I am having a fine time, and I have been to several places on the island. The other day my sister and I went on board the training ship *St. Mary's*, which is stationed in the harbor. We went all over it and it was very interesting. The ship is forty-four years old, but it has been painted all up so that you would not know that except for the fact that it is very old-fashioned.

I have only taken St. NICHOLAS for this year but I like you ever so much. I do not know yet whether I am going to take you next year, but I hope so, and expect to. My favorite stories are "Lady Jane" and "May Bartlett's Stepmother."

EMELINE N. H.—

“GROVELAND.”

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have been wanting to write to you for a long time, but could never think what to say, so we thought we would write and tell you about our place. We live on a beautiful farm in Virginia named Groveland. We have eleven horses, twelve cows, two hunting-dogs, besides a Newfoundland, and a dear little pug named Flora. We have a grand doll house, and we have each three dolls. We have a pony carriage and two Shetland ponies named Donald and Dorothy. Our little brother, Robbie, also has a pony, named Baby Mine, and we go riding every morning before breakfast. Your devoted readers,

FLORENCE AND HELEN L.—

OAKHURST.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: About a year ago, papa, mamma, and I went to Europe; and although that is anything but unusual, I think it was a little queer to get ready in four days as we did; but we had a lovely time over there, just the same.

While at Paris we went to the Hippodrome, and that night they had scenes of Russian life. At one time when a number of soldiers rushed in on foot, the captain's horse rode over two of them, or rather bumped against them, threw them over and jumped over them. But they got up and limped off.

Papa, mamma, and I kept a diary; but papa's and mamma's were like those spoken of by Mark Twain in "Innocents Abroad." Mine was successful, for I never missed a day, except the day we landed at New York.

Hoping you will prosper for many years to come, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

THEO. K.—

OSAKA, JAPAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for two years. I want to tell you about Japanese New Year's celebrations and decorations. The rich people have three bamboo sticks on each side of their house. The next class have a cone-shaped piece of straw, a lobster, a stick of dried persimmons, and a piece of charcoal. The poorer people have a branch of pine or a cone-shaped piece of straw with a little bit of fern under it. About December

26th the people begin to get ready for New Year's day. Most people get "mochi" (pronounced motchee) made. There are people who go from house to house and make it.

They carry a fire and some rice. First they boil the rice, then they take it out and put it in a kind of mortar, made out of a log of wood with a hole in it. Then one man pounds and the other one pushes the rice into position. New Year's lasts three days.

Yours respectfully, W. J. H.—

PLAINFIELD, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl nine years old, and have taken you for some years, and like you very much. I have been up in the Catskill Mountains. I did not like it; it was too quiet. I like my own home better. I took lots of nice walks up the mountains. On Fourth of July, I had a jolly time; we could not fire off our fire-crackers before breakfast. We had a few showers during the day. I had so many fire-crackers that I had to give them away. One day my brother and I went fishing; he would not let me fish, but after a while I got him to let me. He said, "What is the use of your fishing? You won't catch anything!" I caught three trout, and my brother only caught one little shiner.

I remain, yours truly,

EDITH.

ROCKSPRING.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about a pet pigeon we have. We have had it four years now. Ever since we got it, it has always come around whenever any one played on the piano; if we opened the window it would fly in and alight on the piano and strut up and down and coo. I think it is very funny for it to be so fond of music. This spring it laid three eggs and went to setting on them; it set on them for two or three weeks, but they did not hatch. Setting seemed to make it wild, and it very seldom comes in the house now. We got two squabs not long ago, but the old pigeon does not stay with them at all. Although it would come in the house it was hard to catch, and my youngest brother used to sing to it and catch it.

As this is getting right long I will stop, hoping to see it printed. Very truly yours, "McGINTY."

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Gertrude A. E., Edith R., Alice and Julia C., Garret A. R., Mabel E. D., Dorothy B., Meg and Peg, Rhoda and Alice S., Olive R., May T. H., Grace A. T., J. W. R., L. L., Flossie W., Blanche W., Pattie J. B., Atta A. B., Allie J. S., Stanley R. A., Zoo S., Sallie L., Louise B., Catherine H. H., Bertha C. and Josephine D., "Children of the Moon," W. J. A., Carita A., Anne L., Bertha V. S., May T., Walter S. D., Eleanor S. B., Helen S. F., Adelaide T. M., W. Scott B., Florence and Helen L., Fannie and Edith T., Grace H., "McGinty," George S. S., Lola K., Carrie N., Mamie H., Irene B., Ailsie L., Lois P., Marie, de F., Edith M. A., Theo. K., Lizzie L. and Mamie McP., M. G. F., Louise C., Alice L., Emeline N. H., Theodora G., Hebe B. C., Grace L. E.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER.

HALF-SQUARES. I. 1. Trafalgar. 2. Revenues. 3. Avarice. 4. Ferule. 5. Anile. 6. Luce. 7. Cee. 8. As. 9. R. II. 1. Worcester. 2. Overload. 3. Regally. 4. Craved. 5. Ellen. 6. Sold. 7. Tay. 8. Ed. 9. R.

ANAGRAM. Rustle, ulster, lustre, larest, sutler, luters, rulest, result. **NUMERICAL ENIGMA.** "For hunger gives not such a taste to the viands, nor thirst such a flavor to the wine, as the presence of a beloved guest."

DIAMOND. 1. E. 2. Alb. 3. Elbow. 4. Bog. 5. W. **GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN.** 1. Rosemary. 2. Rue. 3. Heart's ease. 4. Hyacinth. 5. Loveage. 6. Sweetbriar. 7. Hawthorne. 8. Columbine. 9. Jerusalem cherry. 10. Lilac. 11. Rose. 12. Flag. 13. Snowdrops. 14. Sweet peas. 15. Elder. 16. Quince. 17. Pennyroyal. 18. Fennel. 19. Madder. 20. Iris. 21. Violet. 22. Catnip. 23. Periwinkle.

DOUBLE DIAGONALS. Thomas Edison. Cross-words: 1. Twelve. 2. Shreds. 3. Anoint. 4. Gasmen. 5. Dogmas. 6. Novels. **OUR-GLASS.** Centrals, Addison. Cross-words: 1. Treason. 2. Elder. 3. Ida. 4. I. 5. Asp. 6. Aloes. 7. Stentor.

To our PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received before August 15th, from "May and 79"—Josephine Sherwood—Mamma and Jamie—Benedick and Beatrice—Edith Sewall—John W. Frothingham, Jr.—E. M. G.—Mamma, Aunt Martha, and Sharley—Pearl F. Stevens—Sandyside—Jo and I—Ida C. Thallon—Adele Walton.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 15th, from J. McClees, 1—C. Larner, 1—Elaine Shirley, 2—M. E. Gordon, 1—Louise and Max H., 1—Sweet Clover, Fern, and Peach Blossom, 1—Little Sis and B., 1—Toddie, 2—Ebbie and Madge, 3—Katie Van Zandt, 5—Mrs. James Marlor, 2—W. B. Watkins, 1—M. U. Bingay, 1—Rosalind, 1—Florence and Nina, 1—Nettie G. Colburn, 3—N. R. Shorthill, 1—Blanche W., 1—Gracchus, 12—Corradino Lanza, 3—No name, Phila., 3—Effie K. Talboys, 8—Kitty and Pussy, 1—Mattice and Bessie, 7—Ada E. M. and Gussie A. C., 1—Papa and Lily, 1—Mamma and Lydia, 1—Astley F. C., Sallie W., and Anna W. Ashurst, 9—"Quartette," 1—"Cat and Dog," 1—Hattie and Carrie, 1—Arthur B. Lawrence, 6—Charlie R. Adams, 7—Nellie L. Howes, 11—Anna T. Buckley, 1—Hubert L. Bingay, 12—Isabel G., 9—Lizzie Hunter, 4—No name, Lansing, Iowa, 2—L. Fowler, 3—"Two Dromios," 11—Liss D. Bloodgood, 4—Mabel and Lillie, 2—Charles L. Adams, 3—"Squire," 9—"Oleander," 1—"H. P. H. S.," 7—M. Harrell, 1—Clara and Emma, 5—Mamma and Walter, 6—Cornelia S. Campbell, 1—C. and Estelle Ions, 2—Honora Swartz, 3—Alice K. Huey, 10—F. Oppenheimer, 1—Kathie, Grace, and Annie, 2—Jennie S. Liebmann, 8—Nellie and Reggie, 11—M. D. and C. M., 9—Grace and Isabel Livingston, 8—"Infantry," 10—Ida and Alice, 11—Charles Beaufort, 7—M. P. T., 3.

RHOMBOID.

ACROSS: 1. A shelter. 2. Abodes. 3. Obscurity. 4. A multitude. 5. A musical composition.

DOWNTWARD: 1. In hatchet. 2. An exclamation. 3. A prefix to some German names. 4. To discharge. 5. An African. 6. A warehouse. 7. Part of the foot. 8. One half a word meaning to supplicate. 9. In hatchet.

H. H. D.

DIAMONDS.

I. 1. IN hedges. 2. An African cape projecting into the Mediterranean. 3. A heavenly body. 4. Thorough-wort. 5. The home of a family. 6. Building and occupying a nest. 7. The years beginning with thirteen and ending with nineteen. 8. A game. 9. In hedges.

II. 1. In hedges. 2. To fortify. 3. To gather after a reaper. 4. A country in the northern part of Africa. 5. Salutations. 6. A small city of Brazil. 7. A simploton. 8. A Turkish commander. 9. In hedges.

The fifth word of each of the foregoing diamonds, when read in connection, will spell what makes Thanksgiving Day most enjoyable.

F. S. F.

COMPOUND DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1	.	5	9	.	.	13
2	.	6	10	.	.	14
3	.	7	11	.	.	15
4	.	8	12	.	.	16

FROM 1 to 5, a tribunal; from 2 to 6, a large bird; from 3 to 7, a useful conjunction; from 4 to 8, the human race; from 9 to 13, to acquire; from 10 to 14, tardy; from 11 to 15, a Latin prefix; from 12 to 16, epoch; from

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE. From 1 to 9, Cervantes; from 10 to 20, Shakespeare. Cross-words: 1. Tripod. 2. Basket. 3. Chains.

4. Osprey. 5. Eagles. 6. Vipers.
PI. Oh, loosely swings the purpling vine,
The yellow maples flame before,
The golden-tawny ash trees stand
Hard-by our cottage door;
October glows on every cheek,
October shines in every eye,
While up the hill, and down the dale,
Her crimson banners fly.

ELAINE GOODALE.

DOUBLE PRIMAL ACROSTIC. First row, Woods of Maine; second row, Autumn Leaves. Cross-words: 1. Waver. 2. Ounce. 3. Otter. 4. Dupes. 5. Smack. 6. Onset. 7. Flint. 8. Medal. 9. Aaron. 10. Ivory. 11. Nerve. 12. Essay.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Mavis. 2. Apode. 3. Vowel. 4. Ideal. 5. Sells. II. 1. Nidus. 2. Irate. 3. Dante. 4. Utter. 5. Seers. III. 1. Burst. 2. Unite. 3. Ripen. 4. Steed. 5. Tends.

I to 13, a contract; from 2 to 14, to rival; from 3 to 15, a musical term; from 4 to 16, a command; from 1 to 4, to shine; from 9 to 12, joyful.

F. A. W.

CHARADE.

DEEP within the cloister cell,
Robed in brown or gray,
There my first in quiet dwell,—
Study, serve, or pray.
My last is by the children worn;
Verses, too, I've made;
Strangest of all things beside,
Ladies like my shade.
Tell me what my whole may be;
Surely you've the power,
You have often gathered me,
I am just—a flower.

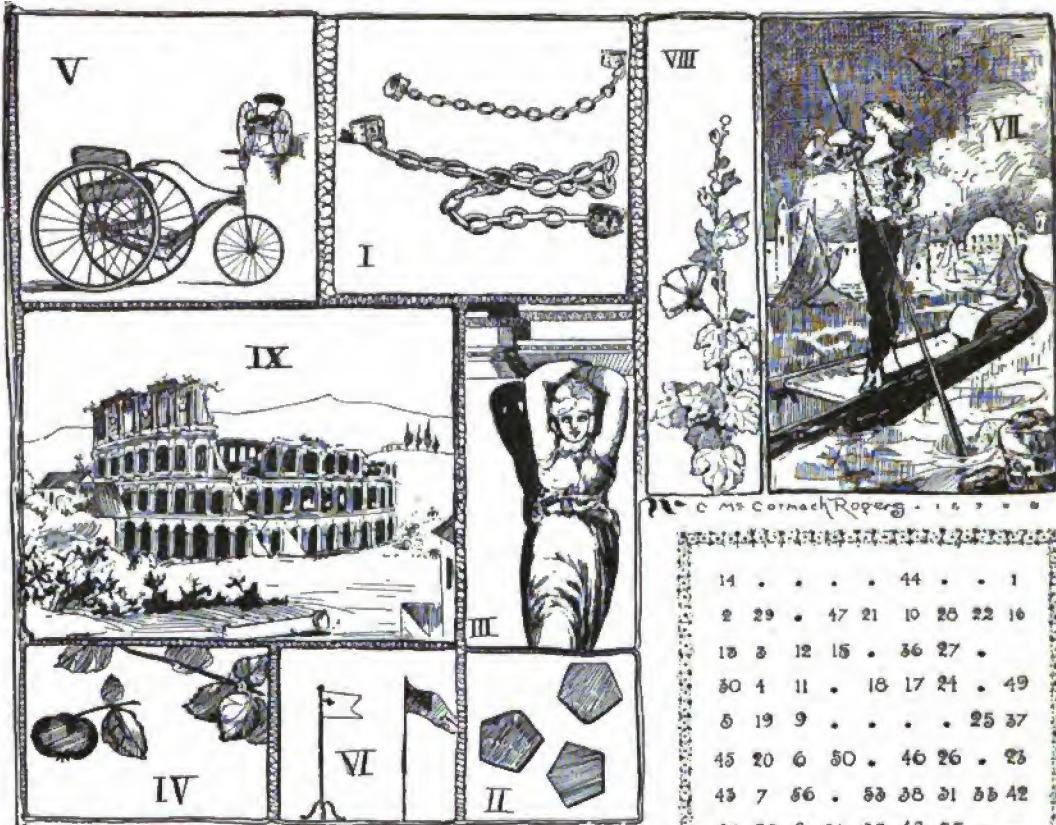
MARY D. N.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

THE cross-words are of unequal length. When rightly guessed, and placed one below another, in the order here given, the central row of letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a famous queen.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The name by which two brothers, famous in Roman history, are called. 2. A renowned Scottish hero and patriot. 3. The name of a Russian empress. 4. A noted queen of Palmyra. 5. The owner of the famous estate of Malmaison. 6. The Sultan of Egypt to whom Jerusalem surrendered in 1187. 7. The wife of Louis XVI. of France. 8. A name borne by many kings of Sweden. 9. The Roman Emperor during whose reign Jerusalem was conquered by Titus.

ISABEL V. M. L.

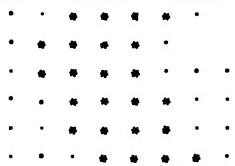


ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE.

EACH of the nine pictures in the above illustration (excepting the third) may be described by a word of nine letters. When these are rightly guessed and placed one below the other, in the order here given, the letters from 1 to 6 (as indicated in the accompanying diagram) will spell the name of a great military nation of antiquity; from 7 to 15, her form of government; from 16 to 23, from 24 to 31, and from 32 to 37, the three classes into which her citizens were divided; from 38 to 45, the name of a ruler to whom she owed much of her greatness; from 46 to 51, a powerful and very famous city that she humbled; from 52 to 56, a very wise man who was a native of that city.

C. M.C. R.

NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.



EXAMPLE : Take a manner of walking from to assuage, and leave an article. Answer, mitigate, gait, item.

CROSS-WORDS : 1. Take a member from exalted aloft, and leave utility. 2. Take a range of mountains from a summons to arms, and leave a parent. 3. Take to weary from consisting of verses, and leave unruffled. 4. Take to have a great aversion to from plumes, and leave an slave. 5. Take a heroic poem from chief, and leave an

aquatic animal. 6. Take torn asunder from models, and leave beyond.

When the six four-letter words (represented by stars) have been rightly guessed and placed one below another in the order here given, the first row of letters will spell the name of a famous man, born in November, over four hundred years ago, whom Heine called "not only the tongue, but the sword, of his time." The third row of letters will spell the name of the saint on whose day he was born, and for whom he was named.

DYCE.

PL.

SAH annyeo nese a stol semmур,
Radytes, lontse, ro writhesoe nego,
Strif sidems hewn eth sleeva fo betemspire
Nedtru, edwosh su a forts-vanger wand?
Dan wno hes hsa hendid ni crisfo
Henbeat eht wol-lingy, gribth eslave.
Sah nanyeo nees a slot rusemm
Faidle thiw het dadben cron-saveseh?

WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. A shrub, the leaves of which are used in making tea. 2. The American aloe. 3. Becomes dim. 4. Apparent. 5. Abodes.

II. 1. Fomentation. 2. A city of Italy. 3. Pushed. 4. A portion. 5. Concluded.

III. 1. Responsibilities. 2. Active. 3. To be matured. 4. Makes level. 5. Judgment. G. F. AND CLOVER.